If I Didn't Care

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If I Didn't Care

by orphan_account, whiskeyandspite

Summary

"I will give you what you wanted, but never allowed yourself," Hannibal tells him, tone low, before pressing his mouth against Will's temple, drawing his thumb over the boy's open, panting lips. "I'll give you what you've been reaching for, and a freedom from the restriction on enjoying it."

You can only be a brat for so long before someone puts you in your place.

Notes

Seriously. Look up vibrators from the 1930s those things are hella whack. (genuinely mature note from whiskeyandspite).
-See in specific, the Dila-Therm. -M.

See the end of the work for more notes

Quiet patience counts two further strikes with Hannibal, a proper amount for baseball but not the sort of tallies Will Graham cannot know are lining up against him. For all he sees, he does not perceive, cannot comprehend the source of hunger in Hannibal's gaze when the other looks at him across the oak desk upon which he works figures.

The second strike is a volume of mess and dangerous risk, rushed and hushed in Will's father's private office and leaving papers in a disarray, ink smeared in a way that earns Hannibal a scolding for eating at his work. The effort of holding his tongue in check - for both the act and the following accusation - is immense. He transforms his ire into amusement at the great pun life has laid before him, both Grahams unaware of what he had 'eaten' for their benefit, for the benefit of further information.

Strike Three rushes along on the heels of the previous encounter, Will's enthusiasm for the heady power he gained, the rush he must feel, causing the boy to strip him of only his pants and claim him with the pair of them half dressed and poorly prepared over the back of one of the expensive chairs in the dining room. It leaves Hannibal stinging, stung, ringing ears with adrenaline that he swallows when William orders him pull the stain up from the velvet upholstery with his tongue. The patience tastes as bitter on his tongue as the emission, and the stain leaves neither his mind nor the chair with much haste.

Instead, he waits his patience, endures, and when he finds at last what he needs to topple Will's father, he holds it. Folds it, presses it against his heart, and seals it away in an envelope where only he can reach. He will have to move quickly on both fronts of this battle, and so he does, first to settle a score he has counted points for in a long series of marks.

The first mark settles with the arrangement of business for Will's father, the second mark settles with a measure of drug in the boy's wine, while he sips contemplatively and thinks he is the fox. He stares out his father's windows and thinks about claiming Hannibal again. Will wears the expression without any subtlety, when he is hunting.

Hannibal is satisfied to see it slide off of his face into insensate slumber.

He rescues the glass from Will's loose fingers before it can shatter, tips the remains into the sink and washes it, in no particular hurry. When he is certain Will is sleeping deepest, he retrieves his suitcase and goes to work.

By the time Will rouses, makes a soft noise of confusion and sleepy discomfort, Hannibal is washing his hands again, sleeves folded precisely up just above his elbows and tie loose around his neck.

Will’s brows furrow, blinking sleep from his eyes as he wonders why he slept at all, having been warmed by dinner and wine and the pleasing thought of what to do with his father’s accountant later that evening that would leave the man with that particular heat against his neck and cheeks.

Now he finds himself upright, in the same chair he had tapped his fingers against the arm of as he’d watched the night fall over the city, and he finds his fingers in a similar place for

similar impatient tapping, though perhaps the fact that his hands are pressed under his knees is somewhat less expected or comfortable.

He sits, when he blinks himself awake enough to notice, with his hands pinned to the arms of the chair, his legs spread over them as well, curving his back in a position that will ache if he spends much longer in it. His shoulders are pinned back, though his head is free to move and it does, slowly, as he works his wrists against the ropes holding him splayed.

When he catches sight of Hannibal, he blinks, jaw setting, working before he parts his lips and clears his expression of anything but mild annoyance.

“You could have at least used silk.”

Hannibal glances up from the sink, having settled Will in the center of the expansive kitchen, cleared. He answers with no words, for a start, simply taking in the picture presented him - hemp ropes, hard but not excessively splintering, at least if Will does not resist them too much. The unpleasant sensation will distract him, give Hannibal length and endurance to play with, though he intends to do so even if Will cannot hold himself.

Something promises itself in his gaze, and he sees the recognition of the constriction around Will’s throat when the other swallows, wetting his mouth against the last fuzzy, drying remains of the drug. Will shifts, feeling the dimensions of his collar by rubbing the catch against the back of the chair, feeling it move against his throat. Hannibal has chosen one fitted with three rings.

“Why would I have done so?” Hannibal asks, savoring the sweet expression that rises on Will’s features at the further constriction. “What have you done to earn that comfort?”

His tone is a rough sound, a command to be answered now that he has nothing to hide and no reason to further play meek to these games. He towels his hands dry, and lets Will watch the flexing motions in his bared forearms, sleeves rolled up to task.

“You have earned these,” he informs, and smiles. “And indebted yourself in ways I will help you understand. How is your head, William?”

The last is delivered lightly, though his expression remains fixed, and Will knows at last which of them is the predator.

Despite himself, Will swallows again. Feels the collar heavy against his skin, feels his pulse pound against it as he works to keep his expression calm.

In this family you own your mistakes, his father had always told him. Being indebted means a fairly low chance of survival in the mob, unless one had leverage, or information. He casts his eyes to the window, a brief motion, and wonders if his father has landed in Chicago yet or is still in transit.

When he directs his eyes to Hannibal again he forces a smile, a thin calculating thing.

“Clear.” he replies, the word not so much drawled as stretched. Whatever Hannibal had given him had not left him groggy, he feels fully awake. Just not awake in a position he has ever anticipated being in.

He can’t deny that seeing Hannibal in front of him, as he is, slightly more relaxed from his boring, put together facade, is pleasing. He’s enjoyed leaving him disheveled, has thoroughly enjoyed watching him hold his tongue around his father, later.

He’s also enjoyed that tongue.

“My indiscretions will be nothing compared to what yours will be, in my father’s eyes, when I tell him.” he reminds Hannibal gently.

“This?” he indicates, splaying his fingers and curling them back into fists again. “Would only serve to back up claims of force and… misconduct.” he smiles again, “If that matters, of course, after he finds out what you are.”

Will has all the faith in the world that despite his father’s utter lack of care for his son, this would not go ignored, nor would the fact that his personal accountant is a federal agent. He knows that Hannibal can’t kill him, not with that hanging over his head. He will have to let him live, and seal his own fate with this.

He also knows, keenly, that between the time that his father returns and the moment Hannibal lets him go is significant.

The look that answers his threats and self-assured proclamation is not yielding or afraid, but instead slow, pleased amusement. Something in what Will had said purely entertained his father's accountant.

Hannibal moves forward, a flash of motion, a sudden shock of strength from a body Will had only seen in indolent repose and tight pleasure, and he seizes the back of the chair on either side of Will's head, tilting it, before he steps around behind it and begins to drag it on two legs, a shriek of wood across tile.

He pauses, a master of effect, the sound had sent a thrill through Will's system, setting his heart hammering, the loss of stability a warning. Hannibal could drop him into free fall at any moment.

Instead, he asks a question that begs Will's consideration, requests him in a toying way to think again about his situation.

"William, where is your bodyguard?"

He drags the chair again, and then balances it carefully against the island in the center of the kitchen, though if Will shifts wrong, he will take the entire chair down, painfully for him. Hannibal awaits his answer while he watches Will struggle to find equilibrium.

And for a moment will gives no answer, just holds his breath and stays still.

His bodyguard, as Hannibal well knows, does not follow Will home.

Because home is safe.

Home is secure.

Home is where Will takes great pleasure in taking Hannibal apart.

“Close enough if I call him.” he replies at length, teeth grit and heart pounding in his ears. “Like a good dog. I have quite a pack.”

"And you're so sure your dog will still heed you after all this time?" Hannibal challenges, smiling. He lifts one hand to touch Will's face gently, with promise, the palm of it cool against Will's cheek.

The touch suggests Will should consider what he knows of Hannibal, before accepting this as a rash act, before forgetting that Hannibal always considers as many outcomes as possible.

"Sometimes in a pack, the balance of power changes," Hannibal answers.

From his pocket he tugs the square of silk that serves as accent, folding it twice before he ties it over Will's eyes to block the light, to let him hear what he is about to do next, but not see it. The movement of some other furniture into proximity, a sudden low buzz that seems to tear into Will's consciousness and leaves him swallowing again, shifting to feel the precarious balance of the chair. It lasts only a few seconds before stilling, a test of some device, perhaps, or only a sound to render his nerves alight.

"Your father is far away, William. Focus your mind on the here and now."

“And what is here and now beyond the last few hours you have any control and power over your life?” Will replies, tone testy, sharp. He feels far more unbalanced without sight to guide him. It’s unnerving, unusual, to be so helpless. It’s not a feeling he enjoys and yet he feels his heart beat faster not just from displeasure but from excitement or something near it.

This certainly breaks up the tedium in his life.

“You loved it,” he says, lips drawing back in a grin as he tilts his head back in a languid semblance of a stretch. “Everything I did to you.”

He makes a sound close to a moan and draws his teeth lightly over his bottom lip, the sound wavering into a low laugh before he releases his lip to run his tongue over his teeth instead.

“You are made to give pleasure, take it. If you were shy with me watching you could have asked me to close my eyes when you sucked my cock. I might’ve even listened.”

A cheap shot, empty, but if Hannibal takes his voice from him as well, Will is going to lose it. He refuses to panic, not over this.

It is hours and hours from Chicago, his mind offers. He stifles it. Rolls his head slowly to rest his chin against his chest before tilting it, smile softer now.

“I’m not looking now.” he suggests.

Hannibal could almost admire the bravado, false though it is. Will Graham will not speak so expansively past his ability when Hannibal is done with him, nor will he deny himself solely on pride. How hopelessly he throws out threats and commands while the sweat springing up on his chest belies the confidence he struggles to project.

The answer is a frigid drizzle of oil over Will's stomach, a trail that runs down and gains warmth as it spreads over and around his cock, as it drips lower to where it is truly intended.

Taking pleasure in the gasp, in William's jerking muscles, Hannibal quickly steadies the chair. The first fall would be a lesson Will wouldn't forget, but Hannibal isn't ready for that so soon.

"Mind your balance," he suggests, purring low against Will's ear when the rescue has brought him to proximity, and when he is certain the chair is stable, he reaches down, toys patterns in the thick liquid.

Will's body answers, even without Hannibal touching directly, and the hot flush of determined shame that rises in Will's cheeks is well worth the effort expended.

Touch is not something new to Will, teasing isn’t, feeling someone breathe so close that their breath feels like a caress in itself is not new.

Being tied splayed, vulnerable, unable to reciprocate or stop the touches is something Will is unfamiliar with. He has had people prone before, for him, tied to beds and stretched in pleasing lines. He’s taken full advantage of their inability to move away, in their desperate struggle to not respond to the pleasure given them.

This touch burns him, too close, too warm, too soon and too damned intimate coming from someone he had bent over a chair not two days ago. He doesn’t want intimacy. The thought of it alone makes Will tense.

“Mind where you put your hands.” he retorts instead, voice quieter now but no less venomous in his worry. He knows Hannibal is close enough, if he arches his neck just enough he could brush his lips against him. Perhaps if he tried hard enough even bite him.

His answer is an acquiescent hum, an intonation of voice that suggests Hannibal is doing exactly as Will suggested. Fingers trail lower, warm points of pressure trailing the cool, persistent slick stickiness of whatever oil it was Hannibal had poured upon him.

When he speaks again, his fingers have found their way to behind Will's balls, the skin exposed and held open to him even as he feels Will shifting to find a way to be less revealed. Hannibal leans back, mindful of the boy's teeth should he decide he had them, and presses his fingers within.

It is poor trade for being forced to prepare himself, but this consideration will become needful, and the indignant noise Will makes through his teeth is worth enough that he counts it as another mark, twisting and pushing his fingers deep to spread the slick. He is at least generous with it.

"I may relent and give you what you wish by the third time you say 'please'," Hannibal tells him, setting a challenge to ego, setting Will against himself to tear down his own facade and truly learn this lesson. To learn just a little humility.

Will bites back another whine and closes his eyes tight beneath the pocket square.

This is uncommon enough to be painful, despite the oil. He knows the lack of patience and gentleness is deliberate, knows what this slight is for. His hands twist in the restraints, tugging back and relaxing, the rope hot against his skin where he can feel the skin chafing. It will leave marks if he's not careful, part of him hopes they do.

He exhales harshly and shakes his head, ducking it down against his chest again, lips parted on something that more closely resembles a snarl than a smile.

"How could you possibly know what I want, Hannibal?" he manages to swallow the hitch in his breath before it disrupts his sentence. His brows draw higher as Hannibal's fingers twist unrelenting.

"Because you have projected it onto me," Hannibal answers, easy, flat, amused. "Every time you have touched me, you've showed me yourself, beneath what convictions you've constructed of air and gossamer."

Hannibal scissors his fingers another time for good measure.

"You were so certain you knew what I wanted, Will," he breathes, tone low, pitched just for William. "Because you are selfish, you never quite realized it was just the reverse."

When he withdraws his fingers at last, another cool drizzle joins the first, enough to ease passage, and then Hannibal is no longer touching him, and something hard presses against him instead, unrelenting until it breaches the tight ring, but only just, and then Hannibal reaches up to remove the blindfold and give Will the full view of what would be his torment.

A long red phallus, knobbed, hard but with just a little give, mounted extended on a strange platform. The image is confusing, disorienting enough that it fixes Will's eyes before Hannibal moves back into place, and pushes it slowly, so Will can watch it enter his body as well as feel it.

Will's eyes go wide and he presses back against the chair as far as he's able, to no avail.

He allows a gasp, just once, before gritting his teeth and setting his jaw, eyes closing against this. Beyond it being utterly degrading, Will refuses to admit he is frightened by the situation, enough that his heart hammers quicker, that his breathing hitches as he fights with everything not to let another sound escape him, even when the stretch gets harder to bear.

He can feel it, the sound growing heavier at the back of his throat, filling his lungs and nostrils and mouth. It's a groan, when he allows it, tilted at the end to a higher sound, softer, and he forces a laugh on top to cover it.

“Can’t get it up unless I’m fucking you?” something shifts, just a little, and Will’s lips part on a series of quick short breaths.

“Should tell… tell you something.” *Resorting to mechanical help.*

Will knows just how untrue that is as he thinks it. This isn’t a resorting so much as a deliberate choice. Cold plastic in place of a warm responsive body.

He keeps his eyes closed, but he can feel Hannibal move closer, and suddenly it’s no longer as easy a game as Will had wanted it to be. As he had hoped to make it.

With the device in place, seated to the hilt, Hannibal considers the result presented. Will, sweating with effort, body tense in a way that won't help him endure this any more easily, hair in his eyes and still pretending he is brave. Hannibal knows better, having watched the inches disappear slowly into Will, unrelenting and steady even against resistance.

When he's done, Hannibal looks up to catch Will's eyes, carrying their gaze upward as he rises to his feet, without rising to Will's goading. There is a dangerous serenity in him, a stillness that extends down into his center.

A small voice in the back of Will's mind whispers that he has always been wrong, *Hannibal is made for control.*

"You know the words that will free you from this," Hannibal reminds, moving out of Will's line of sight, though Will turns his head to try and follow as Hannibal moves around the island in the center of the kitchen, a cord extending along the floor in a dark brown slash of promise, from the machine - Will realizes now it *is* a machine - to Hannibal's hand.

The next touch comes at the side of his neck, Hannibal's fingers hooking beneath the collar to pull it tight against his neck - but not so much as to threaten his breathing. It is the only point of bracing William is going to get, for whatever Hannibal has planned. Only that steady band of pressure at his throat will keep him from falling, should he make any uncalculated moves.

"Say 'please', William," Hannibal reminds at his ear, and then the device wakes to life - not slowly but all at once, or at least it seems to Will, the buzz seeming to have a lower pitch now that it's muffled so thoroughly by his body, sending the sensation seemingly from his teeth to his toes, sudden and shocking.

He makes a sound, surprised and loud, and jerks against it. The collar tightens in worrying promise as the chair shifts ominously and Will's response threatens his balance.

He closes his eyes, opens them, does it again as the machine hums and his body hums with it, and he realizes in cold shock why Hannibal had allowed him his voice. He can't control the sounds pulled from him, starting as angry snarling things before they ease to loud keens, lilted and weaker.

To say the sensation is unpleasant would be both a lie and an understatement.

Will vaguely registers Hannibal's slow breathing, even, against his throat and tries to match it as he wonders *can pleasure bleed into pain so seamlessly?*

He shakes his head hard, hands gripping the chair so tightly the fabric squeaks as the collar pulls tighter to keep him balanced. Another sound, softer, past his lips and Will whines.

"There was -" the machine shifts, with Will’s struggle, and for a moment his back goes rigid in unmistakable pleasure; lips parted to pant helplessly against it, head back.

"I was never *cruel* to you!"

Another deliberate curl of pleasure and Will draws in a hitched breath, like a sob. His cock bobs against his stomach, the head rubbing over the skin, trailing the start of translucent - *forced* - pleasure.

"Stop -"

Hannibal's cheek is at his own, but all thoughts of gathering himself in an attempt to bite are gone, as he knows Hannibal's fingers twined carefully in his collar are the only thing keeping him upright, carefully not allowing him to spill himself onto the floor - which might have gotten him away from the thing's endless, tormenting vibrations. For the price of what pain he can't guess, between the fall and dislodging the thing.

The sight down the line of Will's body is pleasing, the minute shifts as something new is discovered, then a motion to avoid, then something that triggers helpless, curling pleasure, and through it all his straining, untouched cock reclining hard and desperate against his own belly.

'Stop' gains him nothing, though Hannibal does shift himself just a little, leans away to watch the changes mark themselves on Will's face in profile instead. He shifts, and his mouth opens in an O of surprise, and Hannibal consumes his own answer in nothing more than a hum of approval, before he shifts his hold, instead curling his arm around Will's collar bone, holding him stable and bracing him into the touch of the machine just so.

His other fingers stroke Will's cheek, touch beneath his chin to feel the bobbing swallows as he tries to bring wetness back to his mouth, dry from open panting.

No, William had never been cruel. His contempt, his certainty had been enough. Hannibal does not remind him of his release word - very soon now, he thinks, William will remember it without intending.

The torment doesn’t end, and the soft touches to Will’s skin bring only more sounds from him, a bright heat to his cheeks he couldn’t hide if he tried to. He turns away from it, teeth grit in the last attempts at silence before that, too, is beaten.

“Stop, make it stop…”

His words are weak, barely heard beneath the harsh breaths he draws, the humming of the machine.

Will’s toes curl in pleasure and he feels the familiar hot spike of desire at the base of his spine. He swallows, arches in another futile attempt at escape and draws, instead, something much worse.

“Hannibal please make it stop!” he keeps his eyes closed, brows drawn and high above them. It occurs to him, vaguely, that he could cum completely untouched and the thought is oddly worrying.

“I’m -”

It stops, altogether, sudden enough to leave the absence of it like a void in Will's awareness, a hole in his perception of reality that only fills in when he registers that the ragged, whining sounds are his own breaths. They seem to drag out of him, harsh as the exhalations of steam train engines make and feeling just as hot in his lungs.

Hannibal's touch holds him steady, and when next Will scrapes his tongue against the roof of his mouth to wet it again, Hannibal gives him his balance back to command, slowly.

"Are you sure?" he asks, just before drawing completely away. Was Will certain he was done with this pleasurable torture? Others were waiting for him.

Will pants quickly, trying to draw in air and slow his heart. His entire body still feels like it’s vibrating. He feels too full, too hot, too close. Too much.

It was pleasure like he’s never felt before, so strong it hurt to think of it. And some small, childish part of him hates the fact that the only way Hannibal has touched him has been to hold him still. He’d wanted…

Not this.

Not *like* this.

“Stop it,” he says, eyes closed and head ducked, “All of it. What do you *want*?”

Hannibal chuckles, and draws away from him entirely, moving again. He touches the machine gently, reaching down to stroke his fingers around where Will is open for it, touching his sensitive skin, feeling the juxtaposition of firm vs. soft.

"You need correcting," he tells Will evenly, "Like a poorly behaved puppy."

He curls his hand around the apparatus and begins to draw it back out of Will, slowly, his voice a hard description of amusement. "You stirred what you could not contain, and now what I want is for you to know it, to appreciate it down to your very bones. I want you to understand."

A series of careful, teasing tugs draws the last of the length free, but Hannibal does not touch him further, does not give him attention where he wants it.

"You are extremely lucky I do not lock you in a cage and make you eat from a dish, William," Hannibal informs him, tucking his wet, messy fingers beneath Will's chin and

turning his attention up, looking at him evenly when the other finally opens his eyes again. Perhaps that is still coming, Hannibal's eyes writing a promise on the true understanding of obedience and ownership.

When Will understand the depths of what he played at, then perhaps he will find some mercy.

Hannibal reapplies the oil, generously, suggesting that now is not yet it.

Will swallows, a thick, heavy thing that does nothing to dislodge the lump in his throat that is slowly growing there, from panic and fear and an odd cold longing. He keeps his eyes on Hannibal, closing them only briefly at the new breach, surprising in its warmth after the machine.

He tries to fuel the look with resentment, and it’s there, stirring in the pit of his gut, in the narrowing of his eyes and the gentle tilt of his lips. Perhaps because he knows his father won’t return from Chicago without an armed escort, if he returns at all. Perhaps because he knows that this is it for him as well.

“Admit it,” he murmurs softly, “You haven’t killed me yet because of this.” he drops his eyes before blinking and setting them on Hannibal again. When he swallows the collar presses to his skin.

“You won’t put me in a cage,” he says, “I’ll bore you in there.”

Hannibal makes no speculation on the second point, still smiling softly, menacingly at the first. Will is free to draw his own conclusions about being alive only to pay this debt, only to learn this lesson. The uncertainty suits him, the words trying to scrabble for any hold he can try to lodge his fingernails beneath.

Hannibal considers blinding him again with the silk square for what comes next. He brushes his fingers just briefly, with firm pressure, where Will wants them before he withdraws them, leaving Will's voice better occupied on his gasp, on the pleading noise that follows, involuntary.

"I don't intend to kill you," Hannibal allows, in wake of that appealing sound, pleased that Will seems unable to do anything but be free with his voice.

He takes the three steps necessary to put him behind Will, outside of his line of vision, and returns with the threat in his hands, seeming huge and impossible in the sturdy grip of his fingers, and Will's eyes lock onto the thing - massive, undetailed, unmistakable. There is no human who could match the proportions, or none in Will's experience.

He knows, in the sinking, fluttering pit of his stomach, that the dildo - he knows enough to have seen them in more normal sizes before - is going to go into him, though his heart beat scrambles hard in his chest and his mind refuses to try and comprehend how.

He shakes his head, a quick nervous twitch and grips the chair as he presses himself back against it as far as the give allows. He doesn’t move more than half an inch.

“Don’t.”

The word, just as ‘stop’, garners nothing at all and Will locks his jaw and forces himself to breathe through his nose in quick shallow breaths. He makes a very soft, helpless noise when he feels the thing press against him.

“It won’t -” he swallows again, “Hannibal don’t, I get it, I understand. Just stop.”

"Do you understand?" Hannibal asks, pausing just there, from where he has crouched between Will's raised knees. He reaches up, no longer requiring the difficult angle, and slowly eases all four legs back to the floor to give Will stability for this.

His eyes are dark, drinking all the shadow in the kitchen to the depths beneath their lids, but there is no question they are on Will, watching, consuming his fear and enjoying it.

"If I stop," he proposes, pushing just a little more, enough to remind Will what it is he will be stopping but not enough to open him, not yet. "What then, Will? Will you forget the lesson in ten minutes? An hour? Two days?"

Will’s brows draw and he shakes his head again.

“What’s it matter?” he asks quietly, voice a harsh whisper, “You won’t be around to witness your handiwork and its results.”

He turns his head away, determined to keep his eyes away from… this. He almost wishes for the blindfold again, but the damage has been done, he knows *what* is there. He thinks that Hannibal would have fit very well into this family, had he been rightfully born into it. Will lacks the follow through of his threats and anger, Hannibal covers his with a calm facade that makes him so much more frightening.

He closes his eyes when Hannibal pushes the dildo in a little more, the stretch felt now, not just suggested.

“Don’t,” he tries again, quiet.

This softness, earnestness, is pleasing enough to earn him a relent, for Hannibal to reach up and finally curl his fingers, soft and slow around Will's cock, still hard enough to betray him. This, Hannibal takes his time with - he does not push when Will can't accept, allows long pauses, lets him feel it slow - never so much as to be a true agony. He is slick to his core from the earlier invasion.

Hannibal strokes him slowly, with a care to work counterpoint to what stings him, and at the apex of the stretch, when it can get no worse but only easier, at the moment beyond which resistance will finally cease and welcome helplessly what he has been given, Hannibal pauses.

"How would you pay me instead?" he asks, before he sits up on his knees and takes Will deep in his mouth, the balance here carefully tipped toward pleasure.

The sound Will makes is broken, head tilted back and teeth gritted again as he tries to come to terms with this strange pleasure-pain that's forced on him, that he can't escape. The heat is overwhelming, too much to hold back against and he twitches, hisses at the stretch, moans softly as the pleasure coils in his belly and threatens to tip.

"Wait -" it's a warning, but not fast enough, and his lips part on a long low sound as Will breaks, lets the pleasure spill, fill his body with the cool languidness release brings. He's shaking, nerves pulled taut and eyes still closed, and he presses his teeth to his bottom lip when he considers the question and knows he has no answer to it.

"I doubt you will take a check…" he murmurs, but there's no heat behind it, no taunting as it had been earlier in the evening. He's too tired, and on his way to adding 'broken' to the list.

"I don't know." he tells him, when Hannibal pulls away and Will forces his eyes open to look at him through his hair. "I don't have anything anymore."

Hannibal touches him then, looking down into his eyes as the thoughts come to become William. That he has nothing anymore, that it has been taken, stripped, left as bare as he was.

He lets his fingers gently caress Will's cheeks, the soft skin beneath his neck, and if it is not genuine affection it is so near as to not matter. He touches the traces of pleasure on Will's skin, the sweat-damp hair, the flushed neck, the piqued nipples with gentle consideration.

Fingers curl gently beneath Will's chin, and he leans down to kiss him, pleased, before he smooths the hair back from his face, and touches his fingertips gently over the lids of Will's eyes, cool to feel against the flushed heat in Will.

"You can have what I would give you," he offers, serpent and apple.

Will makes a startled sound at the gentleness, parts his lips to the kiss and arches his neck to lean closer when Hannibal pulls away. He directs his eyes up when Hannibal leans too far to follow, and considers.

"I doubt I have a choice." he says, careful with his words, but not outright rude as before.

He wonders what he looks like, splayed and tied and stretched wide as he is. Probably flushed, probably disheveled and broken. He doesn't miss the distinct desire in those dark eyes despite the threat that circles it.

He is a predator, he is dangerous.

And he is punishing Will with pleasure when he could teach him with pain.

Will swallows, lets his lips part again, just to breathe.

"What will you give me?"

Hannibal smiles, and waits for the word he has commanded of Will, lowering his fingers to tap the base of the dildo where it sits riding to the hilt, reminding him.

The sensation is gentle, but foreign, enough of a reminder that Will's mouth parts next on a sigh, on the pleading sound Hannibal is seeking. "Please."

"I will give you what you wanted, but never allowed yourself," Hannibal tells him, tone low, before pressing his mouth against Will's temple, drawing his thumb over the boy's open, panting lips. "I'll give you what you've been reaching for, and a freedom from the restriction on enjoying it."

He leans back then, touches the collar at Will's throat, pressing the metal loop into the skin of his neck, reminding. "I'll give you ownership."

The word sends a shiver down Will's spine that isn't strictly unpleasant. He feels the indignity of this, again, of being owned, of being everything that Will had once sought to make another for himself.

Yet, outside of that, what is he? He has never known true independence, financially, personally, sexually… Will has always been tethered, to the family name and business, to his father's whims, to society's expectations of his position.

He blinks.

He has never known anything else.

He slowly raises his chin for Hannibal's hand to splay over the leather there, swallows when he does.

Hannibal accepts, pleased so that it touches all the way to the depths of his eyes, and he seals it with a kiss to Will's forehead, stroking his fingers against the leather they lay over, and then the skin beneath.

"Very good," he praises, and steps back, feeling the strain in Will's body from it's long restraint with gentle fingers. "I may even forget your most recent liberties involving this same chair when we finish."

He calls to mind his own degradation, but his touch grows no harsher, and then finally he pulls the knot on one side free, releasing Will's leg to the floor and gently rubbing the lines left impressed in his skin by the rope out of them, soothing the fullness of feeling back into his foot attentively, before he turns to the other, repeating the process, though he leaves Will's hands tied for now, leaves the bands across his upper chest and shoulders, holding him against the back of the chair.

"You once asked me what I preferred," Hannibal recalls to him. "Now I return you the favor - will it ease you more to sit here, or do you want to be in your own bed?"

For whatever is coming, and there is promise that they have not found the last of it just yet.

Will's fingers curl into fists against the handles where they rest and he swallows. He can still feel the thing between his legs, pushed a little deeper with the shift, but he keeps his eyes up, his mouth shut, for now.

He weighs his options.

Considers the offer as more than its face value. But his body aches in every way to be near comfort, to feel softness and warmth, to be able and allowed to bend and twist by his own volition.

Will’s lips press briefly together and he looks away, eyes fluttering before he blinks them open when that, too, shifts the dildo in him.

“Will you take it out,” he asks, jaw gently working, “If I ask to be in bed?”

He turns his eyes briefly to Hannibal before looking away again. He knows the word Hannibal wants. But he wants his answer.

"Yes," Hannibal tells him, amused. "When it comes to be in the way."

Will swallows, hesitant, knowing he won't get any further clarification, that he will get as much vagueness as he left in his own dealings with Hannibal, that the pleasure rendered him will be at the discretion of the other, as the game he had sought to play.

Hannibal crouches at his feet, trailing strong fingers up the backs of his calves, touching gently at the sweaty hollows of his knees, and for now there is no pain in it, nothing but the promise of more of the absolute control Hannibal has displayed. He does not seem to begrudge Will the time it takes to come to his decision.

Will lets his eyes close to feel the touches, to accept them.

When it comes to be in the way.

He tenses, for a moment, imagining what else Hannibal has planned for him if this brings him such pleasure to watch. Though had positions been reversed, Will knows he would be enjoying this a great deal.

If he allows himself a moment of utter naked honesty, he isn't suffering now either.

"Will I have to walk or will you carry me?" He asks, the smile underlying his words though his lips don't arch with one.

Hannibal tugs the ropes free of Will's wrists, one at a time, this time easing his mouth over the pulse points and tasting the hemp soaked into skin, before he answers.

"I had thought to carry you. Unless you have a great desire to walk?" he offers, rising to his feet and offering Will his hands to help him up from the chair at last, though there is attentiveness in his eyes, wariness for a few moments, a sharpness that warns that Will is unlikely to enjoy the results of any serious misbehavior at this juncture.

The thought that there was so much respect for his cunning, when he has fewer thoughts than he could properly string together for any coherent attempt at defiance, and is uncertain he truly wants to be so.

The change in position does not ease the pressure of the thing inside him and Will gasps, one hand curled against Hannibal’s shirt as he tries to get his balance. He supposes it will be as much an indignity to be carried as to be made to crawl, and just accepts the offer.

The bed is cool against his skin, the sheets pulled back enough, and for a moment Will curls in on himself, knees drawn up and head ducked, a self-soothing gesture from his youth.

His muscles ease from their long-held tension enough to register, and Will sighs, face buried in the sheets before he turns to watch Hannibal again. Then, slowly, the unfurls into a languid stretch, one knee drawn up, the other leg stretched forward, back arching in a stretch his muscles desperately needed.

He drops his arms over his head and leaves them there before letting his knee swing wider and settle just above the bed.

Open.

Pliant.

Eyes on Hannibal as his lips finally bend into a smile.

Now he feels the ease of Hannibal's pleasure, the reward of gentleness when he has surrendered to what was coming and allowed it to come in this way, rather than denying it. The rough pad of Hannibal's thumb traces the curve of Will's lower lip, following the way it bows and shapes itself, and then he reaches down and turns the boy gently to his front - not for further torture.

Instead, strong hands ease into the muscles of Will's back, working them to softness where they had grown stiff in their prior position, until even the thick intrusion seems easier to bear within himself for the way his muscles respond with laxity to Hannibal's touch, coaxed and pulled until he feels the last rushes of fear ease from him, until his body is ready to respond again.

Will shifts his hips to admit the first stirrings beneath him, to adjust himself so that hardness will not be uncomfortable, and Hannibal traces a long line down his spine before he shifts off the bed again, leaving Will moving - aware suddenly of the absence, of the lack of another absence.

Hannibal is only divesting himself of his own clothing, however, folding his waistcoat neatly and leaving it on Will's dresser, following it with his shirt as Will eases onto his side, mindful, careful with himself, and watches Hannibal reveal skin. It is late enough now that the room is dark, but he can see well enough to register, can see the bottle of oil settled on the nightstand from the depths of one of Hannibal's pockets, before he leaves his pants.

Then he pushes Will back to how he had first found him, palm along the boy's inner thigh in a warm line, and then trails his fingers up further, tracing gently where Will is stretched, feeling the slickness still wet there, and then tracing a line upward, to encourage his awakening interest further.

Will makes a soft noise, pleased, and bends again. He wonders if he would have retaliated quite so much to this treatment had this started here initially, but doesn't voice his concern. It doesn't matter now.

He swallows, rolls his hips gently against the hand holding him, against the other touching him. It's almost reminiscent of the first night he had come to Hannibal, demanding and cocky and sure, when he had laid down next to him after and traced patterns on his skin until his eyes had closed and his breathing had slowed.

He wonders if Hannibal even remembers that.

He feels himself grow harder, despite the exhaustion and the vague discomfort he barely registers with this softness to cover over it, and bends a hand down to hook under the collar and tug it gently. He doesn't fumble to remove it, doesn't do anything but trace the outline from the inside, where it has grown warm from his skin.

Will tips his head back and licks his lips, the bottom one pressed between his teeth for a moment before he exhales, a sound following.

"Owned," the word is quiet, not a question or a guarantee, just something he's trying on to see how it tastes. His eyes do shift to Hannibal's though, when the hand against his thigh slides lower down to work the toy in shallow motions against him as his other hand continues the languid stroking.

It sets a blush down Will's chest and he looks away again.

I suppose I can be owned.

Hannibal leans up over him, and he can feel the heat of the other's skin. He cannot spare a hand, but instead he closes his teeth gently beneath Will's chin in agreement. Owned, held, kept to hand and marked as something worthy of such a regard.

Will cannot know how quickly Hannibal usually discards his toys, how ruthlessly he has used and abandoned them in the past. He would be thankful for his own interesting spirit, then. Hannibal will teach him to appreciate it anyway, not so much with fear as with shaping, correcting.

Trimming where necessary to encourage the rest, flowering open like Will's mouth did now, like his body did to welcome what had once been a tight fit, stretching to accommodate what his eyes had told him was impossible and was now moving in slow, deep motions, the toy filling him to deep satisfaction.

The impressions of teeth are soothed from his neck by Hannibal's warm mouth, his soft tongue, and his grip on Will begins to demand, rather than coax, to ask for this second release from him, as if it was a thing owed.

Will's sounds turn needy again, a very subtle turn to pain on the edges at being pushed this far this fast when his body is not accustomed to either the treatment nor the endurance. He

doesn’t struggle, though, just pushes down against Hannibal’s hand and closes his eyes to allow this to take hold of him as his pleasure had before.

Needy moans turn to shuddering breaths turn to wanton little keens for more. With pleasure, at least, Will has experience. With his body, even more.

He opens his eyes just enough to watch Hannibal above him, to see the man devour him with his eyes with a hunger that’s almost feral, that speaks volumes of deeper and darker and more things that await him. Perhaps not tonight.

I don’t intend to kill you.

Later.

He cums with a gasp, a tightening of his fingers against the sheets, and then pliancy, body trembling with exhaustion and something far more pleasant.

Will brings one hand up to press to his eyes, lips parted to take in air before he licks them.

Hannibal devours the gasp he wrings from Will's figure upon withdrawing the toy, the motion sweet and smooth, slow, like an exhalation. He tastes every sound that it draws from Will with his mouth pressed over Will's as if he could taste the very description of the pleasurable retreat from the edge of too much that he had skirted with the size of the toy - Hannibal expert enough to know that the absolute extremes of such an endurance would not have so endeared his subject to him.

He settles the toy aside, leaves it quickly elsewhere in the sheets, and while William still lays pliant, reeling and breath quick, Hannibal shifts his body until he lays open, obedient, moving quickly though with the same care. Will doesn't register the motions that Hannibal makes in readying himself, curling a hand slick with oil and Will's own release over his hard length, settling between Will's spread, lax knees.

This penetration is easy and quick, gratifying to Hannibal apparently, Will's body still stretched wide from the toy without time for recovery, and it leaves him open wide enough that even this is almost a teasing sensation, felt but not to the fullest. There is no delicious friction, no pressure, just the teasing slick slide as Hannibal settles himself.

Will whimpers, and Hannibal soothes him, moving only slowly, shallowly as the lassitude eases from Will's limbs. The sound is driven more by the lack, by the very way it feels like only the taunting echo of sensation, and not nearly what he wants.

But surely he can’t be expected to again…

Will trembles, blinks his eyes open to watch Hannibal above him, filling him, hot and real and alive, and draws his knees a little higher. His hands seek, find Hannibal’s arm, tensed as he holds himself above Will. He curls his fingers over it, slides his hand down, wrist bent, to rest the backs of his fingers against Hannibal’s own.

His other slides up over Hannibal’s shoulders, broad and shifting with his shallow thrusts that Will can barely feel, and wants to.

Hannibal leans closer, elbows bending to accommodate, and the change in angle kindles something in Will that has him tensing and digging his heels against the bed as though to push away.

Sensitive, too sensitive, and he can feel, already, that Hannibal will not relent with this, will push him for as long as it takes for his body to give in, again.

Another lesson.

Will moans, shivers, and shakes his head against the sheets.

He doesn’t think his body can take this. Not this much. But the build is unrelenting, and his muscles clench involuntarily with every stroke over his prostate. He remembers Hannibal’s words, earlier in the evening, that he would consider giving Will what he desired if he humbled himself.

A tempting offer to beg he man off, to ask for just a little, just a moment to breathe and recover.

He feels a hand curl in his hair, tight but not painful, and arches up as he’s directed, feeling his exhausted body respond, despite his mind’s conviction that it’s impossible to.

“Please,” he breathes, the sound hitching as he holds his breath and closes his eyes against the undeniably *good* sensation. “Don’t stop.”

He arches his back more, sets his feet, and pushes down to meet Hannibal’s thrusts harder, one hand curled in the sheets above his head now, having forgone clinging to Hannibal, the other digging nails into his shoulder.

“Nnnngh please don’t stop.”

The sensation slowly grows more intense, the feeling of pressure and touch solidifying from their initial ghosts as his body contracts, resumes shape. The sensation of building orgasm is sore, nearly raw, but underneath that, still promising to be sweet.

Hannibal rewards his third and fourth plea with an acquiescent hum, distracted. He gives Will exactly what he asks, however, unrelenting, before he curls his arms beneath Will's body and shifts them both. He pulls Will against him, a long line of contact, and lifts them carefully until they are both sitting, until Will can lean on him.

He winds his arms around Hannibal's neck and tries to hold on at the sudden new angle, the sweet pressure that now seems not to relent, and how much Hannibal seems to be supporting him, leaving Will free to surrender to the experience, to let his mind wander down into his self and do nothing but feel for a while.

The sheets are soft and familiar beneath his knees, beneath the tops of his feet, and his toes curl tight, his fingers a mirror on the broad, reassuring curve of Hannibal's shoulders, while

the other holds him steady with an arm looped around his back, their cheeks leaned together, and Hannibal's breath painting hot along the side of his neck.

This time, Hannibal does not rush them, though Will can feel he is slowly losing his own rhythm and meter of it, that perhaps what has gone before was enough to wear his endurance, to challenge him now that he had committed. He stays patient, however, even and slow until Will lifts his voice, wordless, asking for more, letting Hannibal know he's ready for it.

Hannibal relents, and Will finds himself unable to stop the noises that ease from him, the line somewhere between the soreness of any overworked muscle, burning and low, and the nearing, sweet pressure of release, even with his length pinned between them untouched.

He manages words, barely, pleas and stutters of Hannibal’s name, between his lips just parting in a slack ‘o’ and teeth gritting on pleased hisses.

Will brings his hand between them to stroke himself, quick careless things that bring him closer and closer, coil tighter until he’s spent, white behind his eyes and throat dry with trying to keep himself steady.

He’s dizzy, limbs weak and muscles tense again, and thoughtlessly he turns his head enough to kiss Hannibal again, to wrap his arms around him tight enough to hinder breathing and *hold*, feed him the sounds he so wants to taste, parts his lips pliant, finally entirely obedient.

The signs Hannibal gives are subtle, but he groans into the kiss, grips Will tighter around the middle on instinct, and then time passes in a measure Will cannot quite gather his thoughts to comprehend. The world drifts hazy for a while, a series of interconnected images when he can stand the excess stimulus of opening his eyes, and sensations. Hannibal eases him down onto the bed, utterly spent, his limbs landing where they lay gracelessly until Hannibal settles them.

He is aware of the touch of warm water, and drifts for a time, and then Hannibal pulls the covers over him, in a series of tugs, the soft sound of a chuckle that indicates pleasure in the thoroughness of his work, before he settles in behind Will beneath the blankets.

There is time, just a little, before the trap springs closed with finality on Will's father. Time enough for this ease, for Hannibal to slide his fingers up Will's chest and pull him back against his own, his hand resting protectively over the collar, keeping the metal from growing cool against his skin.

Owned.

End Notes

This was a bit too much fun to write, and amusingly awkward trying to do so at work (for whiskey).

No guarantee of more parts to this but absolutely no guarantee of no more parts to this. Suppose if we get enough of a good response and enough requests we could push for another ~~few~~.

Part of "This Was Gonna Be A One-Shot" - The Trilogy

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